

## Fickle Thing

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/2750642) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/2750642>.

Rating:	<a href="#">Teen And Up Audiences</a>
Archive Warning:	<a href="#">No Archive Warnings Apply</a>
Category:	<a href="#">F/F</a>
Fandom:	<a href="#">Kill la Kill</a>
Relationship:	<a href="#">Kiryuuin Satsuki/Matoi Ryuuko</a>
Characters:	<a href="#">Kiryuuin Satsuki</a> , <a href="#">Matoi Ryuuko</a> , <a href="#">Jakuzure Nonon</a>
Additional Tags:	<a href="#">Mild Language</a> , <a href="#">Implied Childhood Sexual Abuse</a> , <a href="#">Sibling Incest</a> , <a href="#">Incest</a>
Language:	English
Series:	Part 1 of <a href="#">Only Time Will Tell</a>
Stats:	Published: 2014-12-10 Words: 2,130 Chapters: 1/1

# Fickle Thing

by [Asharyn](#)

## Summary

Holiday times tend to bring out sentimental memories.

“Nine years, Ryuko.”

“It’s really been that long, huh?”

The tone in Ryuko’s voice betrayed the shivers that were starting to rack her body. Satsuki opened her mouth to respond only to shut it softly. She knew there was a smile gracing her lips as she stood, touching Ryuko’s shoulder softly as she moved by her.

“Where yah goin’?” Satsuki hummed in response, continuing to exit the backyard they had been seated in. “Wherever you’re goin’, change out of that god awful sweater, will yah?”

“Hah.” pausing briefly, Satsuki turned back as she pushed through the wrought-iron gate leading to the front of Nonon’s home. “You wish.”

She exited hastily to the sounds of Ryuko’s rebukes. Knowing she was fairly safe from prying eyes, Satsuki allowed herself the opportunity to grin, if only for a moment. It never ceased to amaze her that time had literally disappeared. Often she could swear that all she had done was blink and nine years had passed since the events of the life fiber crisis.

That wasn’t entirely true, though, and Satsuki knew it. Each year had held its own stories, its own hardships and turbulent times, and despite all of that it had ended up where it had. With Ryuko and herself attending one of the five Christmas parties that they always did during the holiday season.

There was a moment where Satsuki stopped in her tracks, staring out across the scarlet pavers to where her car sat in a long line of vehicles. How had they gotten there? When had all of their lives stopped being about combating an alien race? And, especially, how had she ended up with her life as entangled as it was with her sister’s?

Her footsteps started again, languidly, as she thought back on ancient memories. She decided eventually that it had started more or less those nine years ago. With their mother dead and gone, all higher powers be praised, the metaphorical phone line between Ryuko and herself had gone silent. Satsuki hadn’t meant to get as enthralled as she did in cleaning up the aftermath of everything. But by the time she had resurfaced with even some scant semblance of free thought, Ryuko had finished her last year of high school and disappeared.

It took the combined efforts of the elite four, and especially that of Inumuta’s talents, to find her whereabouts. When Satsuki showed up on her doorstep with a horrendously belated graduation gift in her hands, she hadn’t been the least bit surprised when Ryuko had nearly slammed the door on her intruding foot.

*“For fuck’s sake, Satsuki! You show up four months after my graduation and expect me to be happy to see you?”*

*“Of course not.”*

*“Then why are you here?!”*

*“Despite your loathing to see me, I am still your sister. And I owe you an apology for being absent.” She had stuck the finely wrapped present out in the space between them, not entirely certain if she could keep herself composed if Ryuko decided to break her foot.*

*“You’re a fuckin’ work of art, yah know that?” swiping the present from Satsuki’s hand, Ryuko had turned to retreat into the shack she had been calling a home.*

*Satsuki decided that it was as much of an invitation as she was going to get and followed her.*

*“Close the door already. You’re letting all the heat out.”*

Retrieving her keys from the purse dangling at her elbow, Satsuki unlocked her car doors while continuing to approach it.

That moment had been the first of many, Satsuki realized, that had defined the cause for the effect that it would bring. Years later and she still hadn’t wrung an acceptable answer from Ryuko about why she had taken up her offer to live with her in the Kiryuin manor. Ryuko continually shrugged it off, telling her that it had been mostly on a whim.

Satsuki hadn’t bought her excuse for a second. Instead, she let Ryuko have it. If there was one thing she had learned about her sister in the time they had spent together, it was that Ryuko fared less than well in positions where she was cornered. Then they started sharing a space together, and if the situation around them had been peculiar before it was certainly eerie after. Satsuki wasn’t certain if Ryuko’s suddenly docile behavior was from her new living arrangements, her lack of threats, or the mixture of both. But the calm that settled between them had worried Satsuki nonetheless. Siblings were supposed to have fights, after all, right?

She opened the back door of her vehicle, reaching in to grab the coat she had brought with them and instead deciding to take a seat. Satsuki ran her fingers against the coarse fabric, her mind drifting through a particular scene that had played out years before.

What had it been? A date? No, a double date. Ryuko had been asked to third wheel for a friend. When she mentioned it to Satsuki, Ryuko had asked her if she wanted to join.

*“It’ll be super awkward. Plus, they’ll probably get along just fine and won’t need me there to take the edge off.”*

*“And you want me to come along because...?”*

*“Oh c’mon, Sats. You’ve been cooped up studying all week-”*

*“Something you’ve been neglecting to do.”*

*“-and you could use a break. Help your little sister out?” Satsuki had audibly groaned at that. Anything to cover up the nagging feeling that arose whenever either of them mentioned their familial tie.*

In the end, she had gone along with Ryuko. The mystery of her feelings towards the event stemmed from her lack of omnipotence. If she could have peered two years into the future

from that time, Satsuki would have been utterly content with deciding to go with Ryuko. But the fact of the matter was that she didn't have that ability, and at the time what transpired only left her feeling contempt for the situation.

At a later date, Satsuki had researched exactly what happened. After all her time spent worrying about the state of affairs around her, she had never turned an eye to the storm brewing inside of herself. With everything squared away and her only distraction from it being college, it was no wonder that she had taken a misstep into her own haunted past. Satsuki was no stranger to it. She knew what had happened and she had filed it away to look into it when it was convenient to do so. What she hadn't accounted for was that life, and a person's own psyche, tended to be less than convenient in nature.

*She'd shut down briefly. Her own mind betraying her. Making her relive a torrent of memories in an instant before being able to squash them down and recompose herself. When Satsuki had blinked her eyes back open, everything was the same. No one had noticed her lapse, or at least that's what she had thought at the time.*

*"Aw shit!" her attention focused suddenly on Ryuko, who was staring at her phone in anger. "I totally forgot I had a quiz to take tonight."*

*"Will you be ok without it?" the other two that were with them seemed concerned.*

*"Mmm, no. Unfortunately. Sorry guys. Satsuki was my ride so we'll both have to miss out tonight."*

*That had been the moment that Satsuki realized what was happening. She had been in class before heading straight for their meeting spot, unable to get Ryuko from home without them both being late. Ryuko had opted to take her motorcycle instead of waiting.*

*She was so used to Ryuko being a terrible liar that it had completely taken her by surprise. Before Satsuki could accidentally blow their cover, Ryuko had grabbed her by the hand and dragged them back towards where their vehicles were parked.*

*When they got home, Ryuko ushered Satsuki to the living room and sat her on the couch before settling down on the low table in front of her.*

*"Are you ok?" Satsuki peered at Ryuko with furrowed eyebrows, mulling over the question. She weighed her own emotions, stressing on the high and low points of her mind before responding.*

*"I'll... be alright. I suppose." The breathe Ryuko let out at her words continued to push Satsuki further into confusion.*

*"Ah, good." Ryuko started to stand, a relieved look settling on her face. "Uh, do you need anything? Want some tea or somethin'?"*

*"Tea would be nice." Satsuki managed a smile, attempting to stand along with Ryuko only to be greeted with firm hands on her shoulders, pressing her back down.*

*“Satsuki.” Kneeling down, Ryuko took Satsuki’s hands in her own. Her eyes shone a defiant concern. “I want you to know that I’m here- for you, that is. But you don’t have to tell me anything, ok? Just... know that you don’t have to go it alone if you don’t want too.”*

That night, Satsuki slept in Ryuko’s bed. The very thought of which had been comforting in its own way. Ryuko even gave up the warmest blanket and, when that proved incapable of quelling Satsuki’s shivers, she went a step further. It was the first night that Satsuki fell asleep in Ryuko’s arms. And she made sure to memorize the warmth in her touch and the ever present thrum of her pulse before dozing off to the sound of Ryuko mimicking a chainsaw.

She pulled herself from the vehicle, jacket in hand, and closed the door before starting to make her way back to the party, albeit at an excruciatingly slow pace.

Satsuki had realized something that night. Something that made her own feelings and the out-of-character actions of Ryuko line up like the stars of a constellation. For a few months she refused to acknowledge the revelation, adamant to never utter those words, in her mind or out loud. Certain things tended to be better left unsaid. But the thought persisted, malignant in nature, and she had caved to it knowing that if she didn’t it would drive her mad. And the thought of an insane Satsuki worried her far more than the rather unsisterly affections she held for Ryuko.

So Satsuki devised a plan. As she was often wont to do when she wanted things to be resolved. At first her plan was comprised of reconnaissance. She watched how Ryuko behaved under certain influences; monitoring her actions, speech, and demeanor. Then when she was satisfied knowing that Ryuko was as tortured over her feelings as herself, she started the next phase.

For an entire year, Satsuki moved along with her plan as slowly as her walk back to the party had been. She never antagonized Ryuko for too long, fearful that she would break under the pressure and yet Satsuki rarely left her alone without reinforcing the behaviors she wanted. While she would never admit it openly, she knew it was horrendously manipulative to be treating her own sister much like a human case of Pavlov’s dog.

She was content to keep working at Ryuko with touches left too long and words graceful in double-entendre. But Ryuko was- for lack of a better word- an idiot. And on top of that, Satsuki was aware that Ryuko cared far too much for her. She wasn’t going to cross the line that they had both so obviously drawn between being sisters, and being whatever unintelligible blur was on the other side. In the end, Satsuki’s plan hadn’t been what worked to move things along.

Draping the coat over Ryuko’s shoulders, Satsuki bent down to rest her lips against the shell of her ear. “Even if it’s your fault, I’d rather you not freeze to death.”

With her fingers pressed against Ryuko’s shoulders, she could feel the tremor that passed through her body. Satsuki knew it hadn’t been from the cold. “Look. If you stopped wearing ugly sweaters to these parties, I’d dress more modestly.”

“Your line of thought lacks logic at times.”

“Whatever. But uh- thanks for bringin’ me my jacket and all.”

“Of course. Anything for my little sister.” Another brief shudder passed through Ryuko’s body before Satsuki pressed a curt kiss to her cheek. She straightened her back as she watched Nonon making her way through the crowd towards them.

“Oh man. You did this it time, Sats. She’s gonna chew you out good for that little public display of affection.” Satsuki squeezed her shoulders, smirking at her words.

“Doubtful. Something tells me by the rage in her eyes she’s found a way to make it your problem.” With that, she left Ryuko’s side, catching the beginning portions of a raucous lecture before slipping into the house.

Time could certainly be a fickle thing.

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!